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THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper.

Volume LII. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 3, 1902. Number 27.

Opportunity.

AND this I saw, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel,
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And, lowering, crept away, and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore beset,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
And ran and snatched it; and, with battle-shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—*E. R. Sill.*

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Open your hearts every morning to Christ. Let him enter and repair the strings that sin has broken, and sweep them with his skillful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the day. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our heart are we ready for the day.—Selected.

The seed dies into a new life and so does man.—George Macdonald.

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, July 3, 1902

Prayer.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and
Spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
Than hands and feet.
—Tennyson.

The Service of Public Prayer.

Dr. Street, in his paper recently published, advocating a Congregational liturgy, quotes the replies of two Congregational friends in explanation of their attendance upon Episcopal services. These were, in both instances, dissatisfaction with the usual public prayers in their own churches.

Whatever may be thought of their action, there was force in their argument. The weight of it is felt by an increasing number of cultivated, and at the same time truly spiritually minded, worshipers in our non-liturgical churches. The fact is, that the pastoral prayer is today the weakest point in public ministerial service. It ought to be the strongest. The pastor who can wield this priestly power habitually well has a hold upon his people which no other quality can give in equal degree. There are a few men who possess it, but they are few, lamentably few, as compared with our effective preachers or administrators. Society in these days is full of men and women who want to be prayed for more than preached to. But they want their intercessor not only to show that he is on terms of intimacy with God, but that he understands *them*, too, and comprehends their needs.

In this they are often disappointed. Somehow their minister fails to carry them into the presence of God, or to formulate in petitions the vague desires and groanings of their souls. And so they go away, depressed and dissatisfied, carrying the same heavy burdens which they had brought to the house of prayer, vainly hoping to leave them there. Ministers themselves feel this deficiency keenly. They do not like to be called upon to lead in public prayer. They would rather undertake any other portion of the service.

It is a very serious condition of things which is indicated here, far more so than seems to be generally appreciated. One had better fall below the mark as a preacher than as an intercessor, if the comparison must be made. Good sermons can be far more easily supplied than helpful prayers. And sin-sick, weary men and women will follow the man who can pray for them rather than the man who can preach brilliantly. They like to hear the one occasionally, but for a pastor they prefer the other; and despite his weakness in other directions they will cling to him.

Our non-liturgical churches will never regain their lost ground until their pastors recover the art of public prayer. And before this is effected they must have a spiritual training in character—more of self-effacement and of absorption in the larger social life; a training, too, in the art of devotional expression. More attention apparently is called for, in the preparation of students for the gospel ministry, for this priestly service. It may not be wise to suggest verbatim notes of prayers, similar to those of a theological lecture, as has been the practice in some Scottish schools; but the tremendous solemnity of the intercessory office does demand greater emphasis. Ministers do need a fuller preparation for public prayer, not only through enlargement and tenderness of sympathy, but through the careful study of the fittest expression.

A New Missionary Agency.

God working in and through human affairs is the true conception of history. This constitutes its distinction from mere annals. And he reads current events to best advantage who looks to see them fall into place in the process of redemption.

The atrocities which Turkish emissaries inflicted upon Armenians, and the devastation wrought in India by famine and plagues illustrate the thought. Thousands of orphan children have been thus thrown helpless upon the world. It has been a pitiable loss at best; it would have been infinitely more so but for the alacrity with which the forces of Christian philanthropy sprang to their relief. The part borne by our missionaries is especially to be noted. Without disparagement to any other agents a prominent place in the Christian charity may be fairly claimed for them. They became a great army of relief, every one of them a self-appointed committee. Every misisonary home opened wide its doors, every missionary compound was crowded with

terror-stricken, famished orphans. The scanty resources of mission families were taxed to the utmost to provide for immediate wants. To missionaries also were entrusted the relief supplies contributed by sympathizing friends all over the world. And at first that was all there was to it. They were almoners of others' bounty, to save life and relieve physical distress.

Gradually the scope of their service enlarged. New necessities were disclosed; responsibilities for the future pressed upon them. Schools were opened into which these their wards—made so by the voice of God and the consent of the people—were gathered. Industrial training was given prominent place in the course of instruction. All the arts of domestic service, mechanical trades, such as weaving, carpenter and blacksmith work, tailoring—in fact, every occupation which could fit them for usefulness, were included, so far as possible, in the training of these children, and with it all, of course, Christian instruction and training, such as might fit them to become pioneers in a new, a Christian civilization.

The process has now gone on long enough to show what the results will be. The tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, is beginning to yield its fruits. These orphans are coming to maturity and are going out as men and women to take their places in society and bear its responsibilities. Among them are representatives of all industrial trades and occupations; of more distinctly intellectual and professional pursuits also. New industries, or those carried on with better tools, or under improved conditions, have been inttroduced into the different communities. Some are forming new family ties and preparing Christian homes into which children will be born and where they may be nurtured in whatever pertains to Christian civilization. In these ways a work is doing similar to that which Dr. Hamlin accomplished for his distressed Armenian pensioners during the Crimean war, furnishing them with the means of immediate honorable subsistence and laying the foundations of a more permanent work. Marash and Harpoot in Turkey and Sholapu in India are the centers of such new life. Others of these youths are pushing their way into colleges and fitting themselves for the higher social positions. Best of all, some of them with genuine Christian devotion are consecrating themselves to the noblest service of their fellow-men through the Christian ministry. And such as have not yielded themselves to Christ have at least gained new ideals of life and been put in condition to realize more clearly the excellency of the Christian faith. So they are going out, equipped with new knowledge and skill to become the light-bearers and heralds of a new and better social order.

There is another result of this benevolent work which deserves notice. Ecclesiastical prejudice is yielding; a harmony unknown before is drawing representatives of the churches together; religions most antagonistic to each other are showing unwonted kindliness. In Turkey, i. e., the old Armenian churches are being opened to Protestant service, and Gregorian priests to join in Protestant worship. It begins to look as if the long delayed first ideals of Christian missions in Turkey might soon be realized. Our first missionaries in that region, as is known to many, looked forward not to separate Protestant churches, but to the development of a reformed Armenian church, which should, in its turn, serve as the nucleus of a wholly new Christian civilization throughout the Empire. In this they were disappointed. But it may be that such a consummation is now not so far off, and that in these orphan children God is providing a new agency for hastening forward the work. It may be, too, that the years to come may show Mohammedan prejudice to have been breaking down, and Islam preparing to yield in true devotion to Christ. In India, also, are wonderful changes being wrought in Hindu minds, greatly aided by the displays of Christian philanthropy during the terrible days of famine and of plague.

Thus it is that God is using the wrath of man to defeat itself, and from the very jaws of death is raising up a generation of laborers for the extension of his kingdom and the establishment of righteousness and peace in all the earth.

The Nation's birthday is upon us as The Pacific reaches its readers. Preparations for its due celebration are seen on every hand. It ought to be marked, not only by jollity, but by great searching of heart and by renewed devotion to the great underlying principles of our Republic, upon the observance of which alone continued prosperity is assured. To our readers we commend the thoughtful words of an English journal regarding that people. They are as applicable here as there. "If the Empire is to stand and endure, it must be, in the last resort, founded, not upon ships and soldiers, not upon swift cruisers and all-shattering guns, not upon blood and ruin, but upon the character of the people and upon the spirit that possesses them. What is it that in the long run keeps a nation alive, makes it eager, zealous, adventurous, full of energy and power? As Mr. Kidd has taught us, the ultimate cause of national welfare is the possession of moral and spiritual ideals."

President McKinley succumbed to his wounds, so it is said, because of a depleted physical system. The marvelous resiliency of King Edward and his hopeful, complete recovery testify to an unexpectedly vigorous vitality. This may form the physical basis of God's answers to prayer in his behalf; without which all the skill of attendant physicians might prove inadequate. Certain it is that the differing degrees of resisting and recovering power go far toward determining whether death or life shall be the issue of sickness or hardships in men. In this connecton there is much significance in the psalmist's avowal that "*God* is the *strength of his life*," as well as his portion forever.

The Case of Dr. Yung Wing.

Half a century ago Yung Wing, a well-born Chinese youth, was a student in Yale College. Graduating from that institution with honor he fitted himself for the medical profession, receiving his diploma in regular order. Returning to China, he occupied many positions of honor and of trust. He rendered thus important service, we believe, in connection with education, laboring to introduce needed reforms. He was a loyal Chinaman; also a consistent friend of the United States, and aided much in the maintenance of friendly relations between the two nations. For many years past, however, he has resided in the United States, as a naturalized American citizen; in close relations also with the Chinese Embassy at Washington. And here, too, his influence has been marked and salutary.

Two weeks ago the steamer "Gaelic" brought this honored Christian gentleman back to San Francisco from a visit to his native land. He was met on the ship by the Deputy Customs Surveyor, to whom he showed his naturalization papers, and then, no objection being made, he quietly walked ashore and proceeded, like any other gentleman, to his hotel, and thence by rail to Washington.

But now the Chinese Bureau starts up, indignantly denouncing the Deputy for allowing the "escape" of a Chinaman—for so, with flaring headlines, the event was published in the San Francisco papers. The deputy actually felt it necessary to enter a formal disclaimer to these charges. "Dr. Yung Wing might easily be mistaken for a South American," he averred, "as there was nothing about him to suggest that he was a Chinaman, and I supposed he walked off the steamer without being challenged. The steamship company are responsible for the safe-keeping of Chinese immigrants on board, and I have nothing to do with them."

It makes one's blood boil to read such an account. All the more when we recall the abominable indignities recently put upon two Chinese students, one a nephew of Li Hung Chang and the other a young man of good family, a Christian student in Tung Chow College, who, during the Boxer massacres, imperiled his own life to save those of missionary families. Both of these young men came to this country with a view to entering Oberlin College, and there completing their course of study. They were provided also with papers which were supposed to secure their landing. But because of some slight irregularities they were refused permission, penned up in filthy quarters on the dock, and there detained for weeks, being subjected meanwhile to the grossest indignities. And now, after months of such injustice, they are out only by sufferance and on heavy bonds.

In a parallel column of the paper which chronicled the "escape" of Dr. Yung Wing, there was noted another controversy between the editor and the Deputy Commissioner regarding the admission of Japanese laborers under contract to work in California. "These people" declares the official, "will be allowed to enter. More than that; their right to enter cannot be questioned." The Japanese immigrant, he says, stands on the same footing as the Irish, French, German, or English immigrants, and there is no exclusion law against them.

Wherefore the difference, one is moved to ask, between the representatives of these neighboring Oriental nations? Do the powerful Japanese navy, the proved efficiency of its army, and its readiness to avenge any indignity upon its subjects furnish any part of the explanation? We remember that not long ago, when trouble seemed brewing over the proposed exclusion of Japanese laborers from the Hawaiian Islands, the matter was carried before the highest tribunal and settled as between equals, in a way not to do injury to the self-respect of either. Had China been in a condition to resent an injury before the recent re-enactment of the exclusion law, and had its government shown an equal readiness to subject disputes to the arbitrament of war, would our Congress have seen things in a different light, and met the protests of China as it did those of Japan? We would trust that the explanation of the difference does not lie in this direction, for it would seem unworthy of a brave Christian nation such as we profess ourselves to be.

The action of our people in this and other instances is, however, fraught with danger, not alone to our commerce, but to all our future relations with the Orient. We have been congratulating ourselves as being the nearest neighbors of these two empires, with the prospect of drawing to our educational institutions from their choice young men, the pioneers of the new civilization. We have counted much upon cementing this bond of sympathy, between us and them, and so acquiring a permanent controlling influence in Asiatic affairs. But recent accounts seem to cast doubt upon this prospect. China and Japan, both Orientals, and with natural affinities seem to be overcoming their repellencies and to be drawing more closely together. China seems to be looking toward Japan as her ally. In business they are showing this tendency; in education also, 274 students being already enrolled in the College of Japan. What is to hinder this process from going on until it will be as rare for Chnese students to seek American institutions as it has hitherto been common? And if it does, does it not also seem likely that these two nations may yet set themselves in line as against occidental peoples, a force to be reckoned with, not only in military affairs, but in commerce and education also? It certainly seems as if this were an unpropitious time to set up new barriers or to heighten those already existing between nations upon whose mutual good will so much of the world's welfare must depend.

San Diego secured the Christian Endeavor convention for 1903. It is said that President Clark and Secretary Baer have given considerable assurance of attendance on their part next year.

The Editorial Outing.

The editor of The Pacific spent Sunday, June 22d, at Saratoga, occupying the pulpit in the morning, and securing three new subscribers. A rest of a few days was had at Oak Grove Cottage, now kept by Mrs. L. M. Howard, formerly of Oakland. It is a place which one can recommend heartily. And that twenty-seven-mile drive on which Rev. E. S. Williams delights to take his friends! It is beautiful, indeed! One does not wonder, after taking it, that frequent acorns come from Three Oaks in praise of it. It goes to the highest point in Santa Cruz county, 3,365 feet above the sea, at which point there is a view over into Monterey bay far around from Pacific Grove toward Santa Cruz, into the Santa Clara valley for a long distance, and for miles along the shores of the ocean.

This Saratoga visit of a few days was succeeded by one of three days at Pacific Grove, which, though not quite so restful, was very pleasant also. Calling on former parishioners and friends is something that one does not care to omit. It has its pleasures, but it is not the most restful thing that one can do when away for a rest. Lying in the clean sand, sitting on the rocks viewing the waves of the sea and listening to their constant roar, and taking the seventeen-mile drive behind the deacon's fleet horse, give the needed change and rest, however. Pacific Grove loses none of its attractiveness, but gains as the years roll by. Mayflower church has better enabled herself to fill her place in the Christian work of the community by a comfortable parsonage in the construction of which in so commodious a form and at so small an expense the management of Rev. O. W. Lucas, the pastor, had large place. On every hand there is evidence of earnest, faithful work on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas during this pastorate of nearly five years. With their help and that of Deacon Painter, and the good words of other friends of the paper in that church, six new subscribers were secured; and, characteristically for Mayflower, the church treasurer paid the full amount of the assessment voted for The Pacific at the General Association meeting last October. The amount paid was $8.80, which is in full for both resident and non-resident members. Some churches have paid for only resident members, and some haven't paid anything.

No part of the time at Pacific Grove was more pleasantly passed than that at the home of Mrs. Hannah Goldsmith, who lives there at the advanced age of 92 years. Mrs. Goldsmith was a charter member of the Grass Valley church, which was organized in 1853. Every pastor at Grass Valley in early years, and at Pacific Grove in later years, remembers her faithfulness. All her life she has done what she could. For the last ten or twelve weeks it has not been possible for her to walk to church; but around the house she seems very much the same, except as to some deafness, as when a half-dozen years ago she was an every-Sunday inspiration to the present writer as he looked into her face from the pulpit.

On the 10th of June the President of the Board of Directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition by vote of the directors entered into formal agreement with the United States Government for the closing of the Exposition. There can, accordingly be no evasion, no matter what the pressure that may be brought to bear; and the whole country is to be congratulated that this matter of Sunday observance in an exposition in which the Government figures prominently is settled.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. B. M. Palmer of Benicia has gone to the Yosemite.

Attention is hereby called to the notice "Pipe Ogan for Sale," which appears in this issue of The Pacific.

Miss Florence R. Yarrow arrived from Honolulu last week and left for Lowell, Mass., on Tuesday evening, where she expects to spend most of her ten weeks' vacation.

The Rev. Dr. Chown of Toronto, Canada, gave an able paper on "Church Federation" at the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting last Monday, which will be published in the columns of The Pacific.

Here is a thought caught from the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Chown of Toronto, in the First church of Oakland last Sunday morning, which is well worth repeating: "What we call sin today Christ pities. What we often call respectability he despises." Speaking on the text "What manner of man is this that even the wind and the sea obey him?" Dr. Chown showed that nothing less than the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit can make real manhood and womanhood.

Rev. C. C. Kirtland of Sonoma has returned from a month's vacation in Nevada, working in the interest of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Schools were organized at Washoe, Stillwater and Fallon. At the latter place the work was left in the hands of the Baptists, the minister at Wadsworth having a preaching appointment there. Stillwater is the county seat of Churchill county, and the Sunday school organized by Mr. Kirtland was the first in that county, except an Advent school. His observations lead him to the conclusion that a missionary for that part of Nevada could find ample field for successful labor.

Miss Emily C. Wheeler, Secretary of the National Armenian Relief Committee, sends out a pamphlet which tells the story of orphan rescue in Turkey and India. It is a powerful appeal for contributions to the cause which enlists her energies. One may doubt if the $20 or $25, which are the cost of an orphan's care in India or in Turkey, could be expended more profitably by one whose eye is on the future of the kingdom of God. We have elsewhere presented some aspects of the work. A personal note from Miss Wheeler says, referring specially to the India work: "We are glad to take it up, but we shall greatly need your help in doing it, a little help each year. * It will be a long time before all these orphans reach a self-supporting age." Miss Wheeler requests that any contributions to this cause be sent to Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

Dr. Johns D. Parker of East Orange, New Jersey, is spending his summer vacation with Mrs. Parker at Northeast, Pennsylvania, a quiet rural place on the southern shore of Lake Erie. He says it is an ideal place for the student in the summer, and it is so still that he can almost hear himself think. He is spending the summer in studying amidst the scenes of nature, and in reading the proof sheets of the second edition of his work on the Sabbath. He has found a false translation in the Septuagint, on which Sabbatarians base analogy As the translation is false, the supposed analogy falls to the ground, and the Christian Sabbath is vindicated. He has also a sixth chapter to "The Sabbath Transferred." The second edition will be published in the autumn. "The Sabbath Transferred" has awakened much interest in many lands.

The Valley of Baca.

[A sermon by the Rev. George C. Adams, D.D., given in the First Congregational church of San Francisco, Sunday evening, December 8, 1901]

"Who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well." (Ps. lxxxiv: 6.)

There is so much talk in these days about valleys and wells as real estate transactions that it may not be inappropriate to bring them into the pulpit. A minister's mail every week has a prospectus of some promising valley where wells are to be sunk. It seems as if agents of oil companies must regard ministers as either very gullible or very rich. They certainly look upon them as easy prey. Frequently, a minister who is not as successful in his work as he would like, or who does not get the salary that he wishes from his church, turns agent and informs all his friends of the richness of the valley in which he is interested, and the great returns that are to come from his wells. Valleys and wells are in the air.

Since the subject is of such deep interest with reference to investment let me call your attention to a valley of the olden time and yet thoroughly modern, a much traveled valley, rich in suggestion, written about frequently in history, looked upon with dread, passed through with shrinking and wailing and easily recognized by all human beings. No railroad has been projected through it. Those who travel it must go afoot. No mountain horses can be of any help in climbing its steep paths, and no modern conveniences of travel or residence have abated one particle its unpleasantness. People do not go through it as they do through the valley of the Yosemite for a vacation trip. There is no packing up of goods for a week's sojourn, no cordial hand-grasp at saying good-bye, no looking forward to immediate return from the valley. Most people plunge right into it from the heights and no mortal has ever yet entered it from deliberate purpose. It is long and dark and winding, a constant surprise, full of terrors; frequently the sun is entirely shut out from it and but for the fact that people are swept into it, whether or no one might easily be led to decide that no sane person would ever travel through it. It is the same valley that it was in David's time, and his experiences in passing it have not lightened it at all for those who have it in anticipation. We will find out what we can about the valley by considering it under three heads, its geography, its sanitary conditions and its possibilities.

I. The Geography of the Valley. The head of the valley is right by your fireside; a branch of it runs through your office; the main portion of it is on the street you traverse daily; its outlet is wherever you chance to kneel. If I have not described it fully no one will have any difficulty in tracing it as we go on. It is a part of experience. It is hard to put your finger on the place on the map, but every one can find it in his own heart. We can best locate it by thinking of some of the experiences that tell us when we are in it. It is a matter of such common experience that we have become accustomel to speaking of our whole passage through this life as a vale of tears, as if this valley were all that exists for us on the earth. And yet there are many sunshiny spots in this life and we sometimes find ourselves on mountain-tops of such great joy that we might doubt if any such vale existed. People of all ages find the valley; youth and even childhood cannot escape it, though they ardently desire to live upon the heights. For our first view of the valley let us stand beside the psalmist and look down into it or with him look longingly out of it. What a great wish begins the psalm! He is shut out from the tabernacles of God; he has gotten into the valley and no church spire rises before him, no open door greets him, no sound of organ or of Scripture reading or of public prayer meets him. He thinks back to the days before he entered the valley when he could meet with the people of God; perhaps he was somewhat careless then as thousands are today. A gentleman comes at the close of the service and tells the pastor that he has not entered a church for twelve years until tonight. He is in the prime of life, and suddenly woke to find that he was in the valley of Baca. He climbed up the steep side and ran across lots to find a church and the tears of the valley were in his eyes as he spoke to the preacher. Twelve years' experience of the valley have roused in him the psalmist's longing. And he has done at last what he has never done before in his life; he gets a chart of the valley; he has never owned one before. He has heard about the Bible, but it has not meant anything to him. He begins to slowly and painfully look over the track that he has followed and praises God for the light he never found in the valley.

We often think of the oldest member of our church; she is very near being a nonogenarian. After a long period of sickness she had just gotten well enough to attend the church she loved when she had a severe fall and broken bones shut her up in the valley. She has told her pastor many a time that she knows what the psalmist felt when he wrote, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts." He envied the swallow that could fly through the house, and the sparrow that could build her nest under the eaves, while he, down in the dark valley, could only think of the joyful meetings that house had made possible for him. This experience is one that does not come to all. But it gives us a glimpse at the spiritual suffering of those who have to pass through the valley. We have said that the head of the valley is in the home, and in every home the occupants often find themselves entering it. When the little child went out of the household, when the head of the family was taken away, when the darkness of despair settled over the home and its inmates realized that the course of their life was completely changed, the sun had gone behind heavy clouds, the lightnings and thunders were all about them. In the midst of the greatest joy they had suddenly entered the valley of tears. The business man knows its meaning and has cause to dread it; he has found the investments that he supposed secure were deceptive, and he has not only been cut off from income, but has lost the principal that he had invested, and, perhaps, besides that, he has to carry with him the consciousness that his own lack of judgment or his overconfidence has dragged others down with him. Perhaps he will have to live in the Valley of Baca for many years. His life will be one long regret that he had not done differently, and the worst of it is that it is irrevocable; he can never climb out of the valley; he must go on through all its windings to the very end. How large a portion of the men in the business world are in this valley no mortal can ever tell. An estimate made not many years ago was that only two out of a hundred who start in business for themselves achieve success. The other ninety-eight have, from a business standpoint, passed into the Valley of Baca, and must do the best they can to keep the breath of life in the body until they pass through it. They may be able to find some path along the sides of the cliffs and keep high enough from the bottom to get occasional rays of sunshine and gleams of hope. But a vast number must creep slowly and painfully among the rocks of the bottom of the val-

ley and know continually its deepest bitterness. Then there is the man who is perfectly conscious of the rectitude of his own life, who knows he has nothing of which to be ashamed, but he indorsed for a friend, and the paper came back for him to meet. Quite likely he sees that quondam friend walk calmly on without a care or a conscience. It only adds to the depth of his own grief. He has gone down to the very bottom of the valley and has to creep through it for many years.

The greatest men that have lived have found themselves many times in the Valley of Baca. Marshal Blucher, so brave anl active that he was nicknamed "Marshal Forward," was defeated in most of the battles that he fought, and, as a commander, knew the geography of the Valley of Baca by heart; but after every defeat he crept up out of the valley and brought his troops together again for another fight. He was badly whipped at Ligny, and found himself again in the depths of the valley, but he got to Waterloo the next day in time to help the Duke of Wellington end Napoleon's career. Our own Washington lost more battles than he won. The historians give us some glimpses of him in the valley of tears and we know a little of the awful burden that he had to carry through the valley. We think of him in that winter at Valley Forge as suffering more than any man in the camp, but he found outlets from the valley at Trenton and Princeton and Yorktown, and made those spots glorious, so that we are sometimes tempted to suppose that he was not in the valley at all. So we might find that every man who has made his name famous has had to spend some part of his life in the Valley of Baca. The finest natural gifts, the best attainments, the largest wealth, the warmest friendships have not saved from it. It is a part of universal human experience that every one at some time, and many at all times, must pass through the valley of tears. Have we not located the valley with sufficient exactness?

II. The Sanitary Conditions of the Valley. They are as unsanitary as can well be imagined. The valley is full of marshes and morasses that exhale foul gases. Many are overcome by them and fall by the way. The valley is full of reminders of those that have lost heart and have sunk down never to rise again. Some have been so overcome by the foulness of the valley that they have taken their own lives before they got through it, and many have been recalled to sanity when they were just on the verge of self-destruction. The cliffs that shut in the valley are very high. The sun rarely reaches into it. For lack of the sunshine many grow thin and pale. And some are walking skeletons. The storms in the valley are exceedingly heavy and one has hardly ceased until another has begun. As a result the paths leading through the valley are filled with hopeless people who have lost the faculty of caring for themselves, who must be helped and guided by some one else if they are ever to find their way through, and even those who do not yield to the malarial influences to such an extent as to become utterly useless find their capacity for bearing burdens and doing aggressive work is seriously impaired. The strain upon the nervous system is something fearful. Nervous prostration is the most common disease in the valley. The good physicians, when consulted, advise rest and recreation. But there are no resting-places in the valley of tears. There is no chance for recreation with the same burden crowding down upon the life tomorrow as today and the constant gnawing at the heart caused by joys unforgotten but long since passed.

We teach that it is a terrible thing to be a pessimist. But how can one be anything else who never sees aught but the dark cloud hanging over his life? We climb on the height and look down on the sun-kissed upper side of the cloud and find it all golden, but not every one can climb. A large part of the world knows little of what the rest of the world is suffering. The Ram's Rorn had a picture the other day that brings out forcibly one of the contrasts in life. A poor, bent, weary man is wheeling his burden of poverty in the wheelbarrow of Want. A well-fed man is spinning by with his burden of riches in the automobile of luxury, and calls out as he passes, "I don't see why you make such a fuss about your burden, it is not so big as mine, yet I am not complaining." There are thousands of well-meaning people who have never learned the difference between pushing a wheelbarrow and riding in an automobile. In these days and in this favored state a great many young people have grown up without any real consciousness of what the wheelbarrow stands for. They have inherited the automobile. They know nothing of the strained muscles, the blistered hands, the aching heart of the man with the wheelbarrow. They have yet to learn that no one can go through the Valley of Baca in an auto; the only way through it is on foot, and many a traveler who has been accustomed to it is compelled to trundle a wheelbarrow. No one can know the utter hopelessness of those who have had abundance and lost it until he has either been closely associated with them, or has passed through the experience himself. It is hard to live a healthy spiritual life under such conditions. It is not every man who is able to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him." Not every one is able to see his crops destroyed or his profits all absorbed by the freight charges, or his home wrecked by the tornado, or his dear ones taken away, and praise God. An elderly man said to the preacher not long go, "I listened to your prayer Sunday evening with great interest and wondered if you would get to me; you prayed for every one else, but you forgot me entirely. You prayed for the people who had homes, and for those who have sorrow in their homes, and for those who are compelled to be absent from their homes, and for those who have to live in boarding-houses and consequently have no homes, but you entirely forgot to pray for us poor old fellows who have had a good home and had it taken away from us. The preacher felt the rebuke, which was kindly given, and realized as he had not for a long time the suffering of those who have had and lost. Unquestionably the poet is right when he sings, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." But it does not keep back the tears, and cannot lift us out of the valley. We hear continually the complaint of the captives, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land." We hear a great deal of preaching about the necessity of suffering to develop character, but it often falls into unresponsive hearts, and forgetting who it was that first used the expression, we cry out, "My burden is greater than I can bear." Yes, the Valley of Baca is an unsanitary place. Its Board of Health appears to be busy about other affairs and its physicians seem to us to lack experience and knowledge of our real difficulties. We often cry out to the ministers that try to be physicians to us, "Miserable comforters are ye all." None of us would live in the Valley of Baca if we could possibly avoid it, but since we must all pass through it, and many must spend the best portion of their lives in it, it will be wise for us to inquire into its possibilities.

III. The Possbilities of the Valley. We have learned on this Coast that the most unlikely places may be rich in possibilities. We have seen the sands of the desert

become fruitful and the valleys where no one had ever lived blossom as the rose. We have learned that there are no waste places in God's economy. So we will spiritualize the thought that our experience has taught us, and even say that the Valley of Baca can be made an exceedingly fruitful place; all it needs is a well. The psalmist looked with the greatest admiration upon the class of people who had the courage and forethought to dig a well in the Valley of Baca and make it a source of refreshing both to themselves and others. Years ago, when the preacher did a good deal of hunting in the great American bottom, along the banks of the Father of Waters, he spent many days in a marshy region where the soil was black and rich and deep, corn grew twelve and fifteen feet in height, and the ears it produced were marvelous. Every forty or eighty acre tract had a cottage and a family dwelling there. But it was full of malaria; everybody had the shakes. You knocked at a cottage door and a thin, pale man or woman shivered with ague or burned up with fever while you talked. The sight was pitiful; that rich, marshy region was a veritable valley of tears. Everybody ate quinine, and suffered in spite of it, and because of it. A man came there to settle on an eighty-acre tract, and thought he saw the solution of the difficulty, so he put a strong strainer on the end of an iron pipe and drove down ninety-six feet in the ground, and put in a pump, and instead of using the surface water that others were drinking he took that same water filtered through the depth of earth that his well represented. It was clear and cold and refreshing. His horses would never drink at the troughs in town, but would trot the eight miles home to drink the water of that well. In the eight years that he lived there there was never a chill in the family. He had solved the difficulty, and we can learn from him and the psalmist. The valley of tears will become a vale of refreshing when we learn to draw water from the wells of salvation. The same influences that make our lives burdensome can be made a means of help and growth when we have found the well. All our griefs and disappointments will come to us just the same when we have Christian faith, but they lose their power to harm us when we have found or dug the well in the valley. There is no grief so great and no suffering so terrible but that the water of life can reach it. Our difficulty in the valley is that we persist in trying something else, and it does not touch our grief. Tom Moore was certainly inspired when he sang—

"Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise hope sings us,
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

The men who tinker hymns have ruled that verse out of our hymn-books, but it ought to be written in letters of light where every soul can see it. It ought to be printed and scattered broadcast where they will read who are trying to satisfy their thirsty souls on every kind of drink except the water of life. It does not do to dwell on our griefs; there is no more sustaining power in it than there is in feeding the body of malaria. Patent medicines are of no use here. The diseases of the valley are too deep to be reached by any earthly remedy. We need a complete change in the hygienic conditions of the soul, and when that is made we may find delights even in the valley of tears. Why should we not? Nothing is ever gained by gnawing out our own vitals in the effort to do the impossible. It is folly to consume the soul with grief. Far better accept the Savior's invitation when he calls out, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Some of our friends who have sunk wells in Southern California to find water for their parched ground have found more than they dreamed. Instead of water they have struck oil and have found wealth and comfort and an end to the physical sufferings that have blighted their lives. In like manner they who sink a well in the Valley of Baca are liable to make discoveries of wealth to the soul, rich beyond the power of language to describe. No one knows the comforts that God has in store for him. The griefs that have made his life a burden are God's voice calling him to a higher and purer life. The loss of earthly abundance means the laying up of a large store above. He who said, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also," sometimes rudely snatches our treasure away from us to lay it up in heaven, in order to make sure that our hearts will permit it to develop and expand until the sorrows of this life will seem to have been but trifles, and we are able to say with Paul, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed to usward." Or we can say, with John, "It is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that if He shall be manifested we shall be like him, for we shall see him even as he is; and every one that hath this hope set on him purifieth himself even as he is pure."

Pomona College Commencement.

The chief interest in this annual event was in the inauguration of Rev. George A. Gates, D.D., LL.D., as President of the college and in the address of President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California. The inaugural address of President Gates was a tribute to the founders, faculty and students of this vital institution.

Though but fourteen years of age, Pomona College possesses a home three years earlier in its life than Yale was able to accomplish, and it now enrolls a greater number of students than did Yale at her first centennial.

At the Wednesday evening Alumni Association banquet it was found that graduates were present from forty-eight colleges and four schools of music. Although Pomona College is located in the rural village of Claremont, who shall say that it is not a cosmopolitan institution?

President Gates also discriminated very clearly between the college and the university, showing that the former is a production of American life and is indispensable to a certain range of educational needs. He ridiculed the pretentious aping of college distinctions and manners by inferior and secondary schools and indicated amusing instances of this youthful pendantry. He also said, "It was equally bad academic manners and equally unwise for the distinctive American college to assume the name of university or to try to become a university except indeed like Harvard and Yale which are ready actually to go over into the universities."

Three supreme things a college must do for its students: give them power to see clearly, to state plainly, to apply bravely.

"The eye must be single and the mind candid to discover truth. To proclaim it the man must be conscientious and able. To apply bravely he must be a red-blooded man, able and willing to do his share in the world's work:—not for the sake of work, but for the sake of service. He must realize that self-realization can only come through self-sacrifice. To develop such

manhood is the mission of Pomona College; thus to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of God upon this part of the earth."

And to those who listened there came a clearer vision of this ideal, a brighter hope of realizing it under the leadership of our new President.

President Gates was introduced by Rev. Dr. W. F. Day and the prayer of inauguration was appropriately offered by ex-President Rev. Cyrus G. Baldwin, D. D.

The commencement address by Pres. Wheeler was on "Education by Contact," and was illustrated by the statement that the three principal educational systems of the world are the Hindoo, which advocates the loss of personality by absorption with the world-all. The Chinese, to which innovation is a crime and conformity to precedent and custom, is the sum of all virtues. The Greek, wherein the development of personality and the perfecting of character is the goal.

Associated exercises included a Choral Union Concert, led by Prof. Wm. I. Andrus; address before the Christian Associations by Rev. Dr. White, pastor of the Methodist church of Pomona. The Condit Prize Contests in Extemporaneous Address and Sight Singing were of special interest. The Dole Prize debate and the graduation of ten students from the Preparatory Department closed the exercises of Monday.

On Monday were Class Day exercises, the planting of the class tree and other functions of the occasion, together with the anniversary of the School of Music. Four young ladies and seven gentlemen received diplomas from President Gates. The after-dinner speeches were led by Rev. Wm. Horace Day, at which graduates and friends of the college spoke words of wit and wisdom. The events of the day closed with a reception at the President's house, with several hundred in attendance.

President Fairchild as a Theologian.

Oberlin, Ohio, June 24.

The annual address before the alumni of Oberlin College today was delivered by Rev. William L. Tenney of North Adams, Mass. His subject related to ex-President Fairchild of Oberlin as a theologian. He had much to say on current theology. In substance he said that the men to whom we owe the marvelous scientific advancement in the last generation have been the men who were at first regarded as the breakers up of established scientific systems. Much the same change has come over the theological world. Twenty years ago President Fairchild joined forces with some defenders of the faith with whom, after all, he had but little spiritual kinship, in endeavoring to show that the doctrine of future probation was unscriptural and illogical, and that men have but one and that a present probation. What a change as men today, whom most of us do not think of denouncing as heretical, tell us that to speak of man either here or hereafter as upon probation is an insult to the character of our Father of God.

President Fairchild was both aided and hampered in the expression of his theological conceptions by the influence upon him of his earlier development and environment. Nevertheless it may be confidently affirmed that his old pupils who are in sympathy with the present zeit geist cannot but acknowledge that in his fundamental spirit President Fairchild is in closer accord with them than any other theologian in America who was compelled to present his theology in the dogmatic and unscientific mold of the past. President Fairchild's use of proof texts, his defense of the methods employed in the conquest of Canaan, his estimate of the inspiration of the imprecatory psalms, would at first seem to indicate that there could be no affiliation between his views of the Scriptures and those of the leaders of today. Nothing can be further from the truth. The question is, he says, "Are the Scriptures essentially true as history? Absolute truthfulness is not necessarily required. If the Scriptures are essentially true, that is, true as other ancient historical writings, then they contain a revelation from God, and we have a revealed religion." The Oberlin graduate, of all men, has assuredly been prepared to meet with absolute calmness the reconstructions of Scripture, which are deemed essential in the light of modern critical scholarship, and he has reason to be proud of his theological teacher, whose words concerning the Scriptures rise so far above the narrow views of his own day, and even above his own general practice, and belong not to a single generation of scholars, but to the eternities.

I also find President Fairchild to be in sympathy with the present zeit geist by the freedom with which he makes place for the employment of the human reason, that bete noir of the Calvinistic theologian. Unlike others, he is unwilling to use reason in determining the fact of a revelation, and then refuse its aid in the use and interpretation of that revelation. His argument against the Calvinistic conception of the slavery of the human will is based upon reason. His view of faith as the treatment of the true as true is pre-eminently a rational explanation. And faith is shown thereby to be the highest type of reason. President Fairchild would also make the whole world tributary to man's reason. The study of the Scriptures alone is not enough; the theologian must also be a metaphysician and a student of history. We do not wonder that there was a time when some of the orthodox leaders in our Presbyterian seminaries feared that President Fairchild was influencing his students in the direction of Unitarianism, so freely did he exhort them to use their reason, even when it came to the mysteries of revelation and the person of Jesus Christ.

The tendency in present-day thinking to lay emphasis upon the solidarity of the race rather than the individual may also be regarded as having a legitimate connection with the most fundamental position of President Fairchild's theology. The salvation of one soul is indeed of supreme importance, not necessarily because of its worth considered as a solitary entity, but because of the infinite number of connections between that soul and others.

The determining principle in religion, with many of us today, is the fatherhood of God. Such a concrete and personal conception could not be expected in a complete system of dogmatics, such as the last generation demanded, but President Fairchild's faultless definition of the love dictated by obligation, as consisting of regard for the good of being, comes closer to the modern conception than any of the positions of his theological contemporaries. The universal application of his theory of benevolence also prevents President Fairchild from accepting the partial and irrational view of so many others and portraying the atonement as making possible a change in the attitude of God toward the sinner. It rather follows, in accordance with his view, that the atonement is the proof of the changelessness of God's love.

It was hard for us as we looked into the face of President Fairchild, which ever seemed to us to reflect a

Jove-like serenity of spirit, and as we listened to the even flow of his orderly thought and simple diction, to realize that he had lived through the fiery age of the anti-slavery reform. Yet the benevolence theory throbs with the red blood of reformatory zeal and missionary incitement. If I rest under constant obligation to regard that good of being which my sensibility enables me to apprehend, it follows that my brother in black or in red must have fair treatment from me negatively and must positively receive from me that assistance which the claims of his needy personality warrant. It is said that the nerve of missions is severed if we cease to believe that every heathen is in danger of a future of endless woe; but the Oberlin men who hav ebeen agnostics on the subject of the heathen and yet have given themselves so eagerly during the last twenty years for foreign missionary service, show that a vision of the present needs of the heathen and a regard for their present good is after all the one missionary motive which can never fail. And what is this motive but the governing principle in President Fairchild's theology?

There was a rather arid spiritual period in Oberlin's history when strenuous efforts were made to show that Oberlin's theology was very safe, very conservative and very Calvinistic after all. I rejoice with you that this winter of the discontent of so many of the sons of Oberlin has given way to the changing beauties and the emerging life of the springtime. The thought of President Fairchild might for a time be regarded with askance by a few of the "unco guid" and orthodox, but our great leader in silence bided his time until at last his most vital thoughts of God, of man, and of duty have become a part of the very warp and woof of the thinking of the great mass of his church, and have exerted an influence which the future will appreciate more clearly than do we, as they have enabled men to approach their fellows through the human side of God and draw near to God by way of the divine side of man.

Anti-Saloon League Work.

[Report of the Superintendent of the State Anti-Saloon League, Northern District of California, to the Executive Meeting, June 1 , 1902.]

Our last quarterly meeting was so fully occupied with the special interests of the county field in which our headquarters are situated that there was no time for any reports. Hence this will cover in briefest outline the first two quarters of the present year.

During this period, the superintendent has presented our work of agitation and practical suggestion before 62 public audiences. In most of these the pledge cards have been presented and cordially received; $124.75 has been expended in liquidation of former indebtedness; current expenses have been provided for; the assets encouragingly increased, and there is a balance of $10.36 in the treasury.

These statements barely hint at the great general work which the League has wrought for our holy cause, in addition to which we would mention ten particular campaigns—four municipal and six country-wide:

CITY CAMPAIGNS

In the City of Hollister, a campaign for a Sunday-closing ordinance is being urgently pushed with strong hope of success.

In the city of Salinas with 3,500 people and 39 unrestricted saloons, the temperance question was for the first time put into the municipal election in the form of a local option issue. Upon it we won such encouragement as to give us reason to expect complete victory later in that old California town which has been so long sodden with liquid sin.

In our University City of Berkeley, indefatigable effort has been successfully made in the enforcement law, and the saloon craft are yielding point by point, toward the final victory which will certainly ensue.

In the city of Woodland, by a long and hard-fought battle, the victory of local option has been completely won and is working with good success, reducing the number of saloons, and encouraging the anti-saloon forces for the county conflict.

COUNTY CAMPAIGNS.

In San Benito county our leaders have bravely undertaken a campaign for the Sunday-closing of all the saloons within its bounds, and are vigorously pushing the battle to the gates.

Colusa county has, during the present month, been entered by the Anti-Saloon League for the first time. In the county seat a two day's council, including a popular service in the evening, was held, resulting in the very hearty organization of a city and county league, and an earnest and vigorous launching of a county-wide local option campaign with reference to the general election next November.

In Alameda county, the third largest population within the State, and adjacent to the headquarters of her liquor legions, the County Anti-Saloon League has been thoroughly reorganized, a representative compaign committee appointed, and we are in the midst of a hard fight to secure, through the supervisors, a precinct option ordinance, which will give to the voters their proper voice regarding the vital issue of the licensed saloon.

Having won a local option ordinance in the seat of Yolo county, we are now in the midst of a campaign for precinct option throughout her entire territory. The lines are drawn; the armies are arrayed; and the battle is on, with prospect of thorough success to our standards.

In Butte county, the campaign issue is that of "License or No-License," following the very successful example of Sutter county—her sister on the south. Her war waxes warm. A great temperance rally will be associated with the Fourth of July celebration in Chico—her most populous center. Our generals in that field report strong tokens of victory.

In the first month of the present quarter we received at headquarters the glad report that a precinct option ordinance had been fully won in Solano county, and this was done by the unanimous vote of the supervisors when one of their number was a saloon-keeper—a signal victory.

THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Much thought and effort has been expended concerning the City and County of San Francisco which is in no small sense the State of California. The discerning eye sees there a moral uplook and outlook which betokens a better day. May the discernment, wisdom and skill be granted for the what, when and how of the strategic situation.

FINALLY.

In this large district of Central and Northern California, the responsibilities are heavy; the work is far from light, and the exchecquer is quite inadequate; but not a few words of appreciation and loyalty from the pastors and people of many fields, have been a grateful encouragement. The need is vast, and absolutely imperative. Our cause is marching on. May the God of Battles continue to give victory to our aims.

L. MEADE HARTLEY, Supt.

The Fifteenth Annual Christian Endeavor Convention:

The streams of Endeavorers from every part of our Golden State flowed towards Santa Cruz, the city of "The Holy Cross," this year, their conflux fairly inundating the streets, as sometimes they are, by the briny waves of old ocean in winter. Of the two, the people seem to favor a flooding by the Endeavorers.

The features common to conventions of this kind need no detailed description for readers of The Pacific. There was the usual abundance of beautiful decoration, the necessary bustle of orderly arrangements, the familiar gathering of the veterans in the service, the splendid outflow of youthful enthusiasm, and the tired, but beaming countenances of the entertainers. It was a brilliant, fascinating and spirit-stirring crowd, with its lodges and banners and songs of sunshine.

Each convention develops distinct characteristics in its sessions, which remain in the mind as comprising its personnel, and this fifteenth annual gathering was peculiarly full of them. Primarily may be mentioned the arrangements for the sessions morning and evening, with the afternoon comparatively free, or filled with lighter events, such as denominational rallies or the meeting of C. E. veterans, which was social for the most part. This arrangement commends itself to those who wrestle with programs, for the Endeavorers came to each regular session about as fresh as though there had been but one each day. On Saturday evening, when the exercises had occupied a long period, Dr. Briggs of San Francisco volunteered to forego his address on "Loyalty to the Book," and deliver it at the preaching service next morning, but the Convention would not hear of it, and it was given, though unnecessarily shortened. The fact was that a visit to the Big Trees, a ride along the cliffs, or a rest upon the beach, had protected the Endeavorers against weariness. Let us by all means have the afternoon intermission whenever it is possible.

Another unusual feature was the promptness with which the program was carried out. Speakers had been warned that time limit was placed on their efforts, and governed themselves accordingly. The sessions began on the minute and with a single exception closed at the specified time, nor was there the least hurry in accomplishing this rather unusual thing. It spoke volumes for the careful forethought of the Program Committee.

Another feature that impressed us was the music. The large chorus of one hundred voices, under the management of Mr. William Aydelotte, a local lawyer, was trained with precision and splendid taste. But apart from this which deserves praise, great merit is due for the effect produced. In every instance the chorus work seemed to serve as an accompaniment of the services, instead of standing out, as so often is the case, and threatening everything else with insignificance because of the "magnificent music." Yet, truly, the music was "magnificent," selections from Gounod, Mozart, Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn being finely interpreted and accurately rendered. The same praise can be tendered, thankfully, to the soloists, and to the Mandarin Male Quartet of San Jose. The spiritual tone of the Convention was steadily enhanced by this rare accomplishment of keeping the music in exact harmony with the rest of the work done.

A further event of note was the almost entire absence of "imported talent," to use a technical phrase. With a single exception the speakers were from the various parts of our own State, and were there time to give even a brief outline of the thought presented, we feel sure that all would voice the unanimous opinion of the convention, that we need not travel beyond the bounds of California to get "as good as there is." Rev. E. E. Baker of Oakland made a stirring response to the gracious welcome from Mayor D. C. Clark, Mr. C. S. Price in behalf of the county, Rev. J. R. Knodell for the local churches, and others. From the first word of the sermon on the first evening, by Rev. Thornton A. Mills, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., a lofty spiritual plane was reachpress the audience. The last words of the departing higher. There were no great speakers, no tremendous outbursts of eloquence, but the Divine Spirit was abroad, and each speaker found a little further opportunity to create an atmosphere in which he could impress the audience. The last words of the departing hosts of Endeavorers lingered upon the spiritual uplift that had been received. And truly, no one could look upon that crowd of fresh, earnest, hopeful faces, and not feel that spiritual life in so many young people was more developed than it was in the majority of those of similar age a quarter century ago. We would suggest that all pessimists in the churches be urged, solicited and forced, if necessary, to attend one of these State Conventions. It would be a "sure cure."

The Statistical Secretary, R. R. Patterson, of Berkeley, reported 598 Endeavor Societies in the State. The Presbyterians have 169, with a membership of 5,022; the Congregationalists 139, with 3,412; the Christian church follows with 2,152 members, Baptist, 1,134; Methodist, 815. During the year 974 Endeavorers united with the church, while 301 societies raised $21,229, besides $10,922.43 for missions.

The Treasurer, E. C. Lyon of Oakland, made report of receipts amount to $1,490.13, and disbursements of $1,235.80, leaving a balance of $254.23 This is the first report of a balance on the right side at an annual convention, with every bill paid.

Before closing with the names of the new incumbents of State officers, a word should be said for those who have just laid down the work. Having been in personal touch with them during the year, the writer can bear testimony that, from President L. S. Rodgers down, the entire list, I have nowhere met with a more consecrated, conscientious, painstaking set of officers. It is a great thing, much greater than an on-looker would ever imagine, to entrust the Endeavor interests of a great State to young heads, but, with such earnest, wholesouled, able young people as those who have cared for Christian Endeavor in California during the last year, and these are only a type of all that preceeded them—our Lord's kingdom is safe. The churches should raise songs of gratitude and praise that God is calling out such persons to engage in his work.

The newly elected officers are: President, Jesse O. Smith, Baptist, Los Angeles; First Vice-President, L. T. Hatfield, Presbyterian, Sacramento; Second Vice-President, J. M. Warren, Christian, Santa Barbara; Third Vice-President, Miss Edo Bush, Presbyterian, Redding; General Secretary, J. E. White, Methodist, San Francisco; Treasurer, L. F. Hinds, Congregational, Santa Cruz; Intermediate Superintendent, Marshall Black, Presbyterian, Palo Alto; Junior Superintendent, Miss Jessie G. Flook, Baptist, Santa Ana.

The next convention will be held in San Diego.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Berkeley, Cal.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

A Testimony for the Endeavor Society.

Our pastor got a taste and touch of the Endeavor Convention at Santa Cruz, although he did not stay all through—he is usually a stayer. Nineteen years in Saratoga means about as much staying quality as forty years in Yankee land. He gave us a rousing Endeavor sermon this morning. If any of us were planning to stay home this hot day from evening meeting, we are rebuked and shall go. It is never hot here evenings. It is hot in the day time, but one feels like stirring in the cool of the day. It has always been my privilege to have youth-loving pastors. And my youth was marked by the kind touch of such gifted and enthusiastic friends as the venerable Mrs. Benton of Oakland, whose husband, afterwards postmaster at Oakland, was my pastor in my boyhood. Father Bristoll was another. It nerves a man to try and not discredit such teachers. But the "Boys' Meetings" and the "Young People's Meetings," and the "class meetings" of forty years ago were fitful and irregular, comparel with the rich order of the Christian Endeavor today. It is my judgment that the Endeavorer of twenty-five or thirty years of age is now as far advanced in the gifts of speech and knowledge of service as the church member of thirty-five or forty used to be. The knowledge, the experience, the church loyalty, the missionary enthusiasm of the leaders in the large and noble Endeavor Society of the First church in Oakland justify me in this opinion. Grace to them! And to all who, in city or country, try to crown our Savior King.

Not Speakers Alone.

We must not make it the aim of our organization to produce speakers only. To pray well in public is not a chief aim of effort. Nor to be strong in a social way. I sometimes think we ought to magnify character more than we do. Our testimony in the charming circle ought to smack of the kitchen and the shop. Men who are faithful at the furrow anl the forge make a testimony for Christ. If the team and the ploug, and the deep and soft earth speak well of a man, God is pleased with him. And the cheerful, wise homekeeper, who makes the best of everything, does not look out for slights, and runs the house as deftly as Dr. Clark runs the great National Society, though duties and pains keep her from church, makes a beautiful testimony of Christian Endeavor. Our Society is not for the production of orators, but the enrichment of manhood. But how splendidly our boys and girls do talk when they face us as we sit in the pews anl magnify with the grace of God which guides them into such glorious manhood and womanhood.

A Good Use for Summer Story Books.

Send some of them to the Azariah Smith Hospital at Aintab, Turkey. Postage is cheap. Wrap the books in strong brown paper or the horseback trip of a hundred and fifty miles from the blue Mediterannean to the inland city will wear them out. The doctors and nurses cannot all get away for vacation. Reading rests them. The Armenian massacre broke up the camp in the Aintab hills. Mrs. A. Fuller will be lonely with President Fuller away in America. Send her some reading matter from your crowded shelves. Send some of the abundant magazines. They will be passed about among the missionary circle and be worn out doing good. If you are having a rich vacation remember these at their posts of duty. If you are chained to labor's oar it will turn the clank of your chain to music if in love of Jesus Christ you will simply lift a book, a paper, a bottle of mucilage, a string, a stamp, and say, "Go and gladden some one who is doing Christ's work." How do I know? Try and see. Vacation by the sea or in the mountains is goor. Springs of love in the heart make vacation joy.

More Difficulties for the Destructive Critics.

Dispatches say that Professor Morgan, the archaeologist, has succeeded in deciphering the records of King Kammouradi of Babylonia, a contemporary of Abraham. Law books written on clay were discovered by a French exploration party digging up the ancient city of Suza, and these form the principal attraction of the archaeological exhibition at the Grand Palais, which opened May 12th. Parts of the code deciphered by the professor deal with the criminal, civil and commercial law. Here are extracts from the fundamental laws of the ancient Babylonian kingdom:

"The man who robs a house afire shall be thrown into fire.

"The burglar discovered in the act has forfeited his life if he carries weapons on his body. He shall be buried on the spot where he entered the house."

"He who destroys a fruit tree shall be fined ten pieces of silver.

"He who drives another man's ox to death shall give ox for ox.

"He who injures an animal shall be fined half the worth of the animal.

"A woman inheriting a house, field or orchard from her husband must not be molested in her possessions, which she shall be free to leave to her favorite son. Her husband's children shall not be entitled to fight her testament.

"He who enters into a contract without witnesses or without any instrument in writing shall not be allowed to carry his case before the courts."

Those destructive higher critics who claim that Abraham was a myth will have a hard time showing that these tablets and the laws upon them are not quite human and altogether real. Every scrap of evidence from these ancient mounds has confirmed, in a measure, the historicity of the Old Testament.—Exchange.

"I sometimes think we women, nowadays, are in danger of being too busy to be really useful," said an old lady, thoughtfully. "We hear so much about making every minute count, and always having some work or course of study for spare hours, and having our activities all systematized, that there is no place left for small wayside kindnesses. We go to see the sick neighbor and relieve the poor neighbor, but for the common, every-day neighbor, who has not fallen by the way, so far as we can see, we haven't a minute to spare. But everybody who needs a cup of cold water isn't calling the fact out to the world, and there are a great many little pauses by the way which are no waste of time. The old-fashioned exchange of garden flowers over the back fence, and friendly chats about domestic matters, helped to brighten weary days and brought more cheer than many a sermon. We ought not to be too busy to inquire for the girl away at school, or to be interested in the letter from the boy at sea. It's a comfort to the mother's lonely heart to feel that somebody else cares for that which neans so much to her. Especially we ought not to be too busy to give and receive kindnesses in our own home." May no one be able to say of us that we are too busy to be kind.—The Young Woman.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

The Ten Commandments—Duties to God.

Lesson II. July 13, 1902.

Two important events form the intervening history between this and the last lesson. The lesson of dependence on God was repeated on leaving Elim, for plunging still further into this desert water again became scarce, and finally the want of it led to complaints against the leader, and almost to his stoning. The intervening hand of God in providing water from the rock must have impressed these multitudes with the protecting care of their God, and pointed forward to the events shortly to take place at Sinai. Aside from this, the first important event was the battle with Amalek at Rephidim, which went to test the beginnings of national life. Slavery is never calculated to foster courage, and habitual acquiescence to tyranny destroys natioal esprit de corps. Had Israel here met defeat, it is difficult to conjecture the result. The victory not only united them into a nation, but linked the people closer to God on account of the method employed by Moses in imploring divine assistance.

The second important event was the advice of Jethro. The organization of these wandering nomads into a democratic nation grew out of this simple appointing of rulers and julges. This was a further step in preparation for the events at Sinai.

Were it proclaimed to us that we were to take a journey for the express purpose of meeting God, strange feelings would possess us. Imagine it for a moment, if you can; commit to paper some of the impressions flooding your mind; transcribe some of the emotions that well up from the rarely seen depths of your soul, and thus accompany this multitude as they approach Sinai, and encamp about the summit, where Moses had declared that Jehovah would manifest himself. Let me urge the reading of Dean Stanley's magnificent, soul-stirring pen-picture of this great event in the first volume of his "Jewish Church," chapter 7—not alone for yourself, but as a preparation for the class to study the receiving of this wonderful ancient law code. Two points must be kept well in mind as we proceel. That was the education of children in all that was divine; hence God deals with them as children. That this was the first manifestation the Deity ever made of himself to the human race as a nation. The signs in Egypt were an exhibition of God's power, and his revelations had heretofore been limited to individuals.

We may note (1) how God does not break with the past (Ex. xx: 2). The mode of manifestation might make the impression that here was some new God of whom the world hal never before heard, not represented in the Egyptian pantheon—a deity who was to become the God of Israel. But God here manifested was the same that had separated them by signs from the Egyptians, and had so remarkably led them these three months after their escape from slavery. But His revelation was progressive, and this needs emphasis quite as much to us as to these "Babes in spiritual things."

2. What we term "The Commandments" are better styled, as in the Hebrew, "The law of the ten Words." Taken as a whole they form the most remarkable set of "*Words*" the ancient world ever produced. Written on two tables of stone, it is probable that they were in the briefest possible form, quite readily discernible. Commands 2, 3, 4, 5, shorn of the "reasons" in their latter portion, and 10, closing at the word "house," seem to give us sentences fairly equal in length to those of 6, 7, 8, 9. The fourth is notable for the different "reason" assigned for its observance in Exodus and Deuteronomy v: 13-15. Command 1 sets out with the fundamental principle of the unty and sovereignty of God. Jesus put into the positive form when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart," etc. (Matt. xxii: 37). Considered in the Mosaic form, the difference between the conception of God which these Israelites had and our own makes the command of great force. They had only the experience of a few miracles, the leadings of the desert, and the manifestation on Sinai. We have the gathered light of divine revelation, the consummation in Christ, and the thought of holy men through these twenty centuries, in which every form of comparison, every analogy from nature, every conclusion from man's best self have been lifted up, illumined, and purified, adding to the divine glory *for us.* If ever there was a beatific conception of deity, if ever He was a glorious exalted person whom men could adore, and love, this is the time. We can easily say there can be no other God before this deity of the Scriptures.

Command 2 struck at idolatry. Its positive form is the utterance of Jesus to the woman of Samaria "God is spirit." We can scarcely imagine the teaching of this lesson of the divine spirituality to these Israelites. What had they expected in this promised revelation of Jehovah? Their notions of the deity were undoubtedly woven close with the religious views of the Egyptians, and while the mountain smoked, and the cloud discharged its lightning about the summit, although they felt the ground shake, and the voice rolled down the mount to their awestruck minds, no form was visible, no image appeared. It was more than the people could grasp, and how quickly they reverted to the felt necessity of having some tangible representation of this invisible deity is shown in that Aaron made the golden calf ere forty days had elapsed, and they (the people) said "This is thy God, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." (Ex. xxxii: 4. R. V. note b). The golden calf, then, *represented Jehovah,* to these people. Today the Brahmin will tell you he does not worship the idol, but the spirit that is occupying the idol. Serious difficulty often arises in many minds when they strive to retain the idea of the divine spirituality, and worship in spirit and in truth. Were it not for the revelation of God in Christ there would probably be more difficulty. It is undoubtedly true that in our worship we innvoluntarily have a mental image of Christ before us. As it is, many go almost to the verge of actual representation in pictures and images of the crucified Christ, and many other material forms. The "reason" for this command is a remarkable utterance illustrating the laws of heredity, which are being followed out and opened to us at the present.

Command 3 still centers attention upon the Deity, inculcating the much-needed lesson of reverence for the name of God. Jesus emphasized the command. Matthew v: 34 broadens its range. The reverence in which the ancient Jew held the divine name would be a profitable lesson for our boys.

Command 4 is the one religious duty laid upon man in the Decalogue. We saw in last lesson that the Sabbath was instituted before the law was given. It is well to emphasize this. The Sabbath was not foisted upon the world merely as a "say so" of God. Its principle lies deeply imbedded in our natures. The absolute need

of a rest day has received the opinion of expert physiologists. Just what constitutes rest for every one might be difficult to affirm. But—and here is the point of the emphasis—that rest and keeping the Sabbath day go hand in hand. Jesus had much to say upon this command, more, indeed, by way of practical illustration than extended utterance. But his "The Sabbath was made for man" reaches great depths. "Therefore, it is lawful to do good upon the Sabbath" finds much interpretation of wide extent today. But his most profound word on this subject, and one which, if carefully followed, would help us to correctly interpret the Mosaic command, is found in John v: 17. The Father, whom the Fourth Command declares to have "rested," Jesus declares "has worked up to this time." The two are not contradictory, as appears at first sight. The Father's work from the introduction of last creation in the world has been of a moral and spiritual kind. He seeks to bless, educate, perfect, man, the spiritual creation of his sphere. To this end he works; therefore, said Jesus as he healed on the Sabbath, "I work." If every one would "rest" on the seventh day by engaging in that sort of "work," what a blessing and delight every Sabbath would prove.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Constant Companionship. (John xiv; 15–28; xxviii; 20.)

Topic for July 13, 1902.

The importance of this theme is to make this companionship with Jesus Christ real. Too often new Christians are crowded more than they can bear. Much of Christian life can come only by experience; and yet we frequently hear Christians of a year's time trying to tell of experiences which cannot be very real to them in less than ten or more years. This produces the impression of unreality about this Christian faith. It makes the testimonies of some to appear like fairy tales, which they sometimes are. It also causes the more thoughtful and retiring disciples to be too silent lest they, too, would be considered as dealing in sentiment if not in fiction. So the need of thinking and speaking of this topic in such a way that its reality will be apparent.

* * *

The constant companionship of Jesus with us is an experience which requires time to make real to us. In that aspect of our association with him it is always true that there "is more to follow." Even in human companionships they are a matter of growth. If real and abiding and mutual, a safe companionship is not formed in a day. Quick intimacies are either shallow or short. Things of the spirit—of the the deeper nature of man—are not understood and appreciated at a touch and a run. It involves a succession of separated and uncommon trials and tasks before two souls come together in sympathy and love and satisfaction such as may properly be termed a real companionship. Many do not know in all their life what it is to have companionship with anybody. They cannot wait for it to come; they cannot endure the furnace heat that must obtain before that union can be welded. What they call companionship is some passing and pleasant relation like the treetop in which a bird sometimes sings sweetly, but never makes a nest.

* * *

To be companions is to be mates. One must have and give what the other needs and can use. So real companionship must develop only as selfishness is eliminated. Jesus is ready for this companionship, but we are not. Even conversion does not fit us for it; it only begins it. It calls for blow on blow and culture added to culture to increase and broaden that companionship which begins in a feeble way when we admit Jesus into our lives as the Ruler of all plans. Jesus comes into our hearts very much as we go into a house which we propose to occupy. The late tenants made uses of the dwelling such as we could not think of approving, much less continuing. They were untidy, too, and carried maladies which endangered the health of those who might follow them. So, if we are to occupy that domicile we must fumigate and cleanse and repair. That is what our Lord must do. There is much in our hearts left over from the time when they were tenanted by other rulers. There is much there with which our Lord, the new-comer, cannot affiliate. He must make a place for himself. With some of us the work of renovation covers a long time. Thus, companionship is a matter of time. But a little of it is so sweet that we sometimes imagine we have it all at once.

* * *

The reality of the companionship of Jesus must begin with his words about it. He promises it. It must mean more than human companionships, because Jesus himself is so much more than our human friends. We all have those about us whose promise we would never think of doubting. But Jesus is more than the best of these, and we cannot doubt or be careless of this promise. We may be mates with him. He has something to give us, and we have something to give him. It will take time to perfect that delightful intimacy. The question then will be how to co-operate with him in making our hearts ready for his progressive occupancy. One of the chief thoughts of the Sabbath, the prayer-meeting, the sermon, the Sunday-school, and all other religious opportunities is to so use them as to promote this refitting process by which Jesus can enter more and more into constant companionship with us.

* * *

Then comes the reality of this companionship in our recognition of it. There comes a strange, sweet sort of attraction to Jesus. He is with us, and we know it. Little by little it comes to be much more desirable to do his way than our own. Step by step we grow to enjoy giving and working and studying the Word, because we know that is the way of our Mate. Sometimes when alone and far from human associations we are conscious that we are not alone. There is no voice or language, but we know his presence. There is an uplift. His ideals pass through the mind. Thank God "for his unspeakable gift" rises to our lips. Visions of what our Christian life may be gladden our soul. And we are stronger and purer for the future. These come more and more frequently until they are the common visitors of every day.

* * *

Better than all other marks, perhaps, is this the distinguishing feature of the Christian faith. It is worth living for. Doubts have little entrance to one who has this constant companionship. Questions of criticism will have little power to disturb the personal faith of such. The world will be filled with hope and the future bright with glory. Creeds may fail, churches languish, leaders fall, the times become disturbed, and a score of queries arise in the mind; but with the increasing companionship of Jesus none of these things move the Christian.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....Mrs. A. P. Peck.
819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Mrs S. M. Dodge.
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Home Secretary.....Mrs. W. J. Wilcox.
576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. R. E. Cole
1367 Castro street, Oakland.
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Branch Secretary.....Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Superintendent Young People'sWork.....Miss Alice M. Flin
60 Santa Clara avenue, Oakland.
Recording Secretary.....Mrs. S. F. Bufford
1814 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Children's Department.

(Report of Children's Department Southern Branch, for year ending April, 1902).

We come up to the annual meeting this year not quite so jubilant as one year ago, and not cast down. For a while we as a department did not raise quite so much money as last year; we can report a greater number of givers. This certainly betokens a more widespread interest, which would have resulted in a fuller treasury, had it not been for one or two very evident reasons. In the first place, we had no breezy Miss Denton stirring among the churches, bringing the cause of missions home to the hearts and pocketbooks; and in the next place, our orange crops were most sadly injured by the frost and wind.

More letters perhaps were written than during the previous year to Juniors and Sunday Schools, nevertheless, we can report but $341.30; some $30 less than the previous year.

Besides the actual money given packages of Christmas presents for the pupils of Mrs. Baldwin's school in Broosa, Turkey, were sent by the children of Santa Ana, Los Angeles, First, Pomona, Ontario and Highlands, which most delightfully helped out in the holiday preparations with the busy teachers.

Southern California children have one helper, too, from among the adults who is most untiring in her work for missions in general and Mrs. Baldwin in particular, although she does not live among us. Mrs. Sarah Winslow of Northhampton, Mass., was formerly a member of the Congregational Church at Highlands and still credits that church with much of her labors. This last fall she collected, packed and sent four large boxes of picture cards, dolls and many other small articles, besides other things by mail to Broosa. It was beautifully and lovingly done, although a difficult task for one person.

We hope to send a box again next fall from Southern California, and postal cards have been sent to Juniors to the effect that any gifts reaching the undersigned in Ontario by September 1, or even a little later, will be forwarded together to Boston. The Board then transports free of charge to the field.

We still mean to make our aim five hundred, paying all of Mrs. Baldwin's salary as well as $100 toward the missionary ships. Hoping that it may help in intelligent giving, we mean to try the apportionment plan. Perhaps if Sunday Schools know how much is needed from them to make up the whole amount, the effort to reach a definite sum may be greater. If we can get $50 from the Cradle Roll Department, $75 from the Junior Endeavor Societies and $50 from the Younger Mission Bands, we think the Sunday Schools ought to be able to raise the remaining $325.

Let us not forget, however, that before the money can come, instriction must go.

"If people learn, when very small,
To work for missions, when they're tall,
And large, they'll keep on that way.
At least, that's what I've heard folks say,"

LILLIE P. WATSON, Supt.

Ontario, California.

Letter from Kusaie.

(Extracts from letter of Miss Louise Wilson of Kusaie, written to Miss Lyman, February 23 1902,)

This week I have been having a most delightful rest. I have written before about our native cottage in the woods, and this week have been resting under its roof. It is so nice and quiet up here, and I hope to go home next week, better fitted to take up the cares of my work. They have been sending me my meals from the home house, and the girls have been taking turns staying with me in the afternoons and nights. Two come at a time. They seem to enjoy the quiet almost as much as I do. Our house, with fifty-six girls in it, is rather a noisy place at times. Seven new girls have just come from the Marshall Islands.

Now I will try to answer your questions. It is very seldom that even the best of our girls will take any responsibility for themselves. They are always willing and glad to help and do what they are told, but very seldom go ahead on their own account. They are very destructive in handling things. Never having had anything to use, they do not know how to be careful. I went into the kitchen one day, and found a red-hot fire in the store. One of the girls was in the act of putting a small oil stove on the top of this to get it out of the way. I exclaimed, "But, Nana, what are you thinking of, don't you know that will explode and set the house on fire?" She smiled and said, "I was going to put it on the back of the stove." She did not realize there was any danger. It is just such things as these that we have to guard against all the time.

You would like a pen picture of our home. To begin with, it is very pleasantly situated on a hill. The trees in the picture are bread-fruit. You walk up the steps on to the veranda, and during the day find the parlor door always open. At the left hand, as you step into the room, stands our organ. Beyond that, with a rocking chair between, is a large chest, which, when closed, is converted into a lounge, by being covered with a mattress, a denim cover and pillows. Turning the eyes a little to the right and in an opposite corner, is a bookcase with glass doors; not being proof against cockroaches the books were given another home, and this is used as a china closet. We have a number of pretty dishes which have been sent us from time to time, and they look very pretty in this case. Some half a dozen chairs and the pictures on the wall complete the furnishings of the parlor. The floor is covered with straw matting. We keep fresh ferns around in the rooms. They keep very nicely with fresh moss packed around them.

Our dining room, with its table, chairs and couch, is really our living room, where we sit in the evenings. It opens off the parlor and out onto the veranda.

The sewing-room has a long table for cutting, and on the walls hang the girls' sewing bags and a number of wall-pockets for patterns.

Walk out farther and you will see our store-room,

which when full looks like a small grocery store in a small town. To the left of this is our kitchen. Two school rooms are in a line with our parlor. These do not need much furnishings as they sit on the floor, which is covered with a large mat. Boxes and shelves along the walls hold their books.

Upstairs there are two bed-rooms in the front of the house. Back of these there are four large sleeping rooms for the girls. They do not sleep on beds, but simply spread their mats on the floor and sleep on them. It seems like a hard bed, but it is what they are used to, and they do not notice the hardness of the floor. A long hall runs between the four rooms. A large attic is the last room in the house unless I mention the girls' eating house, which is not exactly a part of the main building.

Church News.

Northern California.

Guerneville.—Last Thursday evening a farewell reception was given at the parsonage to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Heason, who go to Santa Cruz, where he has an important position in the lumber yards. Their removal is quite a loss to the church and all other good causes in this community.

Pacific Grove.—The Rev. Jee Gam, who has been spending a few days here, spoke to a crowded house Sunday morning. In the evening Superintendent Singer spoke concerning the work of the Sunday-school Society. At a meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society on Wednesday of last week at the parsonage, forty persos were in attendance. The Rev. E. J. Singer gave some interesting experiences in the Sunday-school work.

San Francisco, Sunset and Ocean View.—The Sunset Church is moving ahead steadily. Congregations continue good, and financial outlook is encouraging. The Christian Endeavor Society is taking hold of the work in a more earnest manner, and we hope for much help from them in the future. The Ocean View Sunday School is rejoicing in increased attendance and large contributions, looking toward securing a twentieth century library. The address of the Rev. Huber Burr, the pastor, is 1534 Tenth avenue, Sunset District, the change abling him to do the work better at both places.

Santa Cruz.—Santa Cruz has been thronged by the Christian Endeavorers this past week, for the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the State Union was held in our city from the 24th to the 29th inclusive. The young people of our church being to a large extent the hosts. The morning sessions of the convention were held in the church, the evening sessions in the armory. It is an impossibility to give even in outline, the program. The central thought was, "Not I, but Christ." In a marked degree was the deep, spiritual tone of the various sessions felt. The following from a local paper will give an idea of all the meetings: "Many persons have a prejudice against street meetings—among them this writer. It happened to be a nolens volens case of attending the one held on the Avenue by the Christian Endeavorers at 5 o'clock Sunday. The audience was large and religiously inclined. The hour was peaceful, beautiful, and the service impressive. There was good music and several short talks, but one feature lifted it out of the commonplace, and will make it linger in the memory, perhaps in the hearts, of all who listened. A Bible reading was called for from the Rev. J. R. Knodell. He rose, and with the book in his hand, recited the parable of the prodigal son as related by Luke. Millions and millions of times has this story been repeated, but rarely rendered as it was Sunday afternoon just as the sunset shadows fell across Pacific avenue. We do not think that Mr. Knodell made the slightest study of its elocutionary effect, or had any idea of exercising dramatic power. It was simply unconsciously sincere—and sublime—as it was when first told by the Nazarine who drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him.

The Farewell in the First Church of Pasadena.

The farewell service, which all dreaded, yet none would willingly have missed, has come and gone, and we feel as the eunuch must have felt when the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip—except that our Philip had been with us too long for us to "go on our way rejoicing" just yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Lathe left Monday evening for their new field of work in Colorado, followed by the prayers and good wishes of a host of friends outside as well as in the church.

On Sunday morning Mr. Lathe spoke freely and familiarly with his large congregation, from the text, "Put on thy strength, O Zion," charging them to remain steadfast in their loyalty to Christ and to be watchful of the best interests, spiritual and material, of the church.

The evening worship was given over to a song service, the choir of young voices showing the results of their splendid training. This service tided over what was perhaps the most difficult hour of all, the last gathering with our pastor.

Although Mr. Lathe's utterances have always been deep and strong, he seems these latter weeks to have spoken with unusual power.

Indeed, a little maid put it very concisely when, on returning home last Sunday morning, she told her mother that the last hymn sung was "*such* an appropriate song." On being asked what hymn it was, she said she could remember but one line, and that was, "What more can he say than to you he hath said."

No formal farewell reception was given, the friends having felt it more fitting to express their appreciation personally. Several substantial recognitions have been made of the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Lathe are held.

On Children's Day, which happened to be Mr. Lathe's birthday anniversary, the Sunday-school presented him with a clock. Two days later, Mrs. Lathe's anniversary was recognized by tokens from her Sunday-school class and from the Girls' Missionary Society; she had already been presented with a handsome set of table linen from the Young Women's Missionary Society, and upon their departure they were given a generous purse, with the suggestion that they use it in enlarging their library.

It is the widely expressed sentiment of the church that no time be lost in calling a successor to Mr. Lathe, and to this end the committee has issued a call to the church to take action upon a recommendation from them on Wednesday evening, July 2d.

The Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho.

The Children's Day service in Mullan was largely attended last Sunday evening, June 15th, 190 being present. Rev. E. Owens is doing a grand work in this place.

Rev. J. B. Orr has been called to Wallace, Idaho, and

will return about July 1st. A tent has been put up and services are being held in it for the present. We expect great things of Wallace. Mr. Orr is not only strong in the pulpit, but on the street and in the home.

Wardner is moving forward quietly under its new pastor, Rev. O. F. Thayer.

At Kellogg the work is growing, there being a Sunday-school of fifty and the morning service well attended.

A church of about twenty members will soon be organized, and we hope a church building erected.

Fellowship Meeting in Coeur d'Alenes.

One of the most successful methods of work in the Northwest is proving to be that of county organization in which all the churches of the county are banded together to foster weak points, plan needed advance, and encourage each other. Walla Walla was the pioneer, and the sturdy, vigorously-growing Congregationalism of that county, with its six churches organized and two more soon to be added, shows what fine possibilities this method affords. Snohomish county has this year entered on the same plan with eight or nine churches and some ten or twelve outlying points divided among them

In the northern point of Snohomish county, Idaho, lies the famous Coeur d'Alene mining region with a dozen mines, whose yearly output will arrange a million dollars each and with innumerable rich prospects on all sides. As rich in wickedness as in lead, it has long been spiritually neglected, the great corporations that have profited by its mineral wealth apparently caring little for the moral or social values that this material prosperity should have developed. Congregationalism, opening work there recently, has now four churches with a fifth just breaking the shell. The first fellowship meeting of these churches among the mines was held in Wallace, the county seat, June 13th afternoon and evening, in the Home Missionary tent pitched recently for the housing of the Wallace church. Though the numbers are not large the enthusiasm was. Every church was represented—Wardner, Wallace, Mullan, Burke, and the almost hatched Kellogg. Rev. Edmund Owens, pastor of Mullan and Burke, was chosen Moderator, and Rev. O. F. Thayer of Wardner and Kellogg Scribe. Rev. J. B. Orr, pastor elect of Wallace, was away in California, preparing to take up his work on July 1st. These three men make a splendid brotherhood of pastors, planning large things, pushing ahead vigorously, and admirably adapted to the difficult work they are pursuing with such marked success. The reports from the church, and outlying Sunday-schools represented by General Missionary A. R. Johnson, showed that a new spirit of hope and unity had entered this body of earnest Christian people. Unless signs signally fail we shall yet hear of large victories in this region of strikes, murders, dynamite explosions, bitter class hatred and the brutal "bull pen." A change is fast spreading over these camps for the better. The influence of the church and the Christian home is winning its way. The subject was "Christian Work in the Coeur d'Alenes."

Rev. A. R. Johnson spoke on "The Needs of the Young." Mrs. Swinnerton of Wardner read an excellent paper on "The Needs of the Home." Rev. O. F. Thayer read on "The Kind of Pastoral Service Needed," and Rev. E. Owens on "A Church Life That Redeems the Community." Supt. Scudder gave a review of the missionary situation, and in the evening there whistled through the rigging of that tent some of the stiff breeze that blew the Mayflower into Plymouth harbor as "Congregationalism—Its Past, Present and Possibilities," was discussed by Mr. Scudder and Pastors Thayer and Owens—and the Presbyterians and Episcopalians present said they, too, enjoyed it! It was a good meeting. The next one will be held in September at Wardner, where Mr. Thayer has rallied his people with large enthusiasm, and where, as well as at Kellogg, the work has so increased that additional help will soon be imperative.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes

A telegram was received from Rev. Dr. E. L. House, on the 27th inst, announcing his acceptance of the call to the permanent pastorate of the First Church of this city. It is expected that he will begin his work about September 1st. In his acceptance, Dr. House quotes Acts 10: 19-20, 19.

Revs. J. M. and Dora Reed Barber returned from Michigan on the 21st inst., after an absence of three months, the latter in much improved health. While they had many pleasant experiences, among them the great privilege and pleasure of attending the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society, yet they rejoice greatly in the homecoming.

The Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association will hold its annual assembly at Gladstone Park, July 8-19. inclusive. The program for this year is an excellent one. A number of the speakers are of national reputation, among them Hon. Henry Watterson of Louisville, Ky., who will give two lectures, and Rev. Robert McIntyre, D. D., of Chicago, and Col. John Sobieski, a direct descendent of the Polish pariot of the same name, who assisted our Revolutionary fathers in planting our great republic. The grounds of the park are most delightful and charmingly picturesque. Excellent facilities for camping are afforded.

A new church was recently organized about three miles east of Woodburn, Marion county, and Superintendent Clapp, Rev. Daniel Staver, Profs. Marsh and Bates of Forest Grove, attended a council of recognition on the 19th inst. This is another outgrowth of the effective labors of Rev. J. M. Dick, the pastor at Hubbard, Elliott Prairie and Needy. The organization will be known as the Bethel Congregational Church.

The services in the Forest Grove Church last Sunday evening were conducted by the Woman's Missionary Society. Miss Winfield Marsh presented a paper on the "Women Martyrs of the Early Church," and Miss Mary F. Farnham gave an account of her recent visit to the Catacombs of Rome while in that city last summer.

The Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Oregon Christian Endeavorers, held in Ashland, June 22-23, was very successful in every way. All who attended were greatly benefited. Ashland is one of the most picturesque cities in the State, and the backbone of its citizens in shutting up the liquor traffic in their city is to be commended. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: President, J. A. Rockwood, Portland; First Vice-President, Mrs. Ella D. Rice, Ashland; Second Vice-President, Rev. A. A. Winter, Dallas; Third Vice-President, Miss Della Osburn, Salem; Superintendent, Junior Work, Mrs. T. E. Gault, Oregon City; Citizenship, Rev. Huber Ferguson, Portland; C. E. Literature, Rev. Arthur E. Gardner, Turner. The President is the son of the late Rev. George A. Rockwood,

who organized and practically built the church at Willsburg.

The churches of Gaston, Hillside, Greenville and Patton valley, all under the pastorate of Rev. Edward Curran, united in a fellowship picnic and meeting on the Pamona College is located in the rural village of Clarenoon and afternoon, and the speakers were Rev. Daniel Staver, Prof. Henry L. Bates, Rev. Edward Curran and Rev. Mr. Belknap of the M. E. Church, Forest Grove. Brief talks were also given by the superintendents of the several Sunday-schools. The meeting was a most successful one, and its object—a better acquaintance of the four churches represented in order that a stronger work might be done for the kingdom—was accomplished. It would be well if there were more meetings of a similar character.

The newly organized Patton Valley Church is going to be built at once, $300 having already been pledged towards the new building.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Pacific University, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the Board of Trustees of Tualatin Academy and the Pacific University have the utmost confidence in Professor W. N. Ferrin, dean of the University, and that they do unreservedly commend and approve all his actions in every way during the time he has had charge of the institution."

On June 25th Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, of the Oregon City Church, was in St. Louis. She wrote a very interesting letter on that date giving some account of her experiences in delving into the documentary material still in existence relating to Lewis and Clark. Among other things she says:

"Everybody in Oregon has read of the four Nez Perces Indians who went to St. Louis to ask General Clark about the white man's book of Heaven. The tale has been a subject of controversy. Clark's letter books solve the problem. He says they were at his house in 1831. I traced the interesting circumstances through his letter books and other documents.

"The great westward immigration of Indians was going on at that time, and William Walker, looking out lands for the Wyandots, interviewed them at Clark's house. On his return to Ohio, some months later, Walker published an account of their errand that resulted in bringing Jason Lee, Whitman, Spalding and other missionaries to Oregon."

This city has been visited by two disastrous fires within a week. The first occurred on the night of the 21st inst, when property, manufacturing plants, mostly, was destroyed to the amount of $400,000. The second, four days later, involving a loss of $37,000. In the last, 30 head of valuable horses were destroyed.

Portland, Or., June 29, 1902.

Bishop Simpson's Call to Preach.

Bishop Matthew Simpson has told in a most touching manner the story of the early struggles that led him to the ministry. As he left boyhood behind, the conviction grew upon him that he must preach. But how could he? He was halting in speech, with a harsh voice and with an impossible manner of declamation—the last one to face an audience.

After turning the question over in his mind many times, with increasing discouragement, he at length reluctantly dismissed it and took a three years' course in a medical college.

But the idea of entering the ministry haunted him day and night, so that it almost seemed to him, as he said, that if he "did not become a preacher he could not be saved."

This led him to pray over the matter, and, as a result, the morbid anxiety that had grown upon him vanished entirely one day at the sight of a Scripture text: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart." The words had been written on purpose for him, he said to himself; and from that time he felt content to let God decide his course.

A day came when his obedience to the divine direction was tested. The impression came upon him very strongly that he ought to speak at a certain prayer-meeting, because the minister was away. "But how can I?" he said. "I shall make a fool of myself. What will my friends say—and my uncle?" Above all people, young Matthew dreaded that old uncle.

Afternoon came. He was trembling with indecision. To his amazement his uncle looked up and said:

"Don't you think you could speak to the people tonight?"

"But do you think I ought to?"

"Yes. I think you can do good," was the grave reply.

The young man spoke. He carried the crowded audience with him. His words had power because they came from a full heart.

The experience of that evening was a revelation. After those three years of unwilling study he recognized his "call," and in no uncertain voice. But even now he was troubled, so that he did not dare to decide "yes." His mother was a widow, and Matthew felt that it would break her heart to have him change his profession and leave home. After many struggles he decided to tell her what he thought God required of him.

"Never," he said, "shall I forget how my mother turned upon me with a smile and said, 'My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born.'"

Then she told him how she and his father—who was then a dying man—kneeled beside the infant in the cradle, consecrated him to God, and prayed that he might become a minister. And she added that not a day had passed but that a repetition of that prayer had mounted to the throne of God.

And yet the mother never intimated to her son the secret of her heart's desire. She was one of the reserved women of the old time. That talk crystallized the young man's purpose, and young Simpson went forth to his wonderful career.—Youth's Companion.

The True Disciple.

O Master, let me talk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the Future's broadening way
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

—Selected.

Mormon Propagandism.

Up and down this Coast there are no parties so active as the Mormons. They are smooth and gracious until they get the victim wound around by their wicked web. According to the newspaper reports one in twenty of the Scandinavian immigrants become Mormons. We hope this is not true, for the Scandinavian immigrants are among the most valuable citizens who come to this country. Recently the Mormon elders have decided to send "missionaries" to Japan. They propose to sow the Japanese mind with this mixture of bestiality and human depravity. There is no form of hypocrisy so cunning, so shifty in doctrine, so sophisticated, as Mormonism. It is "all wool" on the outside, but all wolf on the inside. Mormonism is black degeneracy.

It represents one of those reversions of type from Christianity to heathenism, carrying humanity back to sheer animalism. It has the wisdom and cunning of the natural or unregenerated man. It disguises itself completely by putting on the robes of Christian doctrine. The unsophisticated are made to believe that it is, after all, only another form of Christianity, but it isn't. Mormonism means man's meanest supremacy over women. It means, when it reaches control, the debasement of women to the most abject and miserable chattelhood. The utter wickedness of this system is in the fact that it seeks to use Christianity to accomplish its awful purpose. It ruins humanity, and in doing so ruins its only hope. It drives human nature into the swamps and bogs of passion, and puts out its spiritual eyes.

Our people who are seeking to honor God and build up his kingdom of righteousness should not listen to these oily hypocrites. There may be some doubt on some questions, but on this Mormon question there is no doubt. The leaders have at the base a great commercial co-operative plant. Every Mormon proselyte means another customer. They have ambition and inordinate religio-fanatical pride. They propose to inaugurate a system of female slavery, degrading the family to the basis of concubinage. They propose by heredity and social distinction to separate Mormon women and children from the rest of mankind and breed this wicked animalism into the social life, and ultimately into the bone and blood of the individual. It puts a brand of disgrace upon its adherents. The fact that Mormon women are discredited in ordinary society forces them into exclusiveness. This isolation makes the conditions of permanency and coherency. The secular press will not fight this monster because it takes newspapers and pays for them. The politician has no iron in his blood. The Mormons have votes. He will not fight this kind of diabolism. He will run through a troop and leap over a wall to get a lick at a Chinaman, but a Mormon has votes. The merchant will not fight the Mormons, because they buy goods. There never was a clearer case. Public sentiment must be educated. The ministry, the religious press, the educational institutions must stand together, and stand against this tremendous and rapidly spreading evil. It is the amalgamation, beastliness and fanaticism.—Cal. Chris. Advocate.

John Henry Barrows.

The death of John Henry Barrows, D.D., the President of the Oberlin College, best known as the promoter and President of the World's Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in connection with the World's Fair, 1893, is a bereavement which the entire ministry, irrespective of denominational lines, will deeply feel.

Dr. Barrows' recent visit to San Francisco, where he preached and delivered a series of lectures before the Pacific Theological Seminary gave his admirers a closer personal acquaintance with him. Some who thought him a bit too liberal in early acquaintance and in the management of the Parliament of Religions changed their views after hearing his sermons and lectures. His journey around the world seemed to greatly modify his own views of the relative value of paganism as a system of social order. He came back with fixed conviction that "Christ and Him Crucified" is the one great need of mankind. Dr. Barrow's presidency of Oberlin has given the greatest satisfaction. He has shown a degree of scholarship, administrative ability, close personal interest in the student body, a fine sense of moral as well as the intellectual needs of his students, which, together, have made him a conspicuous success and given him a reputation as president far beyond the warrant of his short term of service. His mind was clear, his thinking was characterized by exactness in definition, tinged with genuine poetic colors. There was a warmth in his later public addresses amounting to a glow of enthusiasm.—Cal. Chris. Advocate.

The capacity of winning and holding the kindly regard of others is one of the best gifts of God and the means of the largest influence for good. In the Old Testament Joseph had this choice endowment. No matter with whom he came in contact, he elicited confidence and affection. He produced the same effect upon a fellow-prisoner and upon the king of Egypt. One had only to come into relationship with him to feel his mysterious charm. But this influence upon others is not entirely a matter of natural endowment. It may be cultivated by kindly thoughts and words and acts. There is nothing that goes so directly to the heart of any one as a genial recognition of his personal worth. Kindly sentiment toward the one who does that immediately springs up in the heart. A sympathetic link between the two natures is established if the recognition was genuine. Most of us hardly begin to realize how much a friendly and appreciative word does to lighten the burdens and to cheer up those whom we meet. What self-respecting people want, no matter how poor they may be, is not alms, but a friend. But friendship costs so much more than a gift. It costs something of ourselves. But the gift without the giver is bare.—The Watchman.

Be patient with every one, but, above all, with yourself. I mean, do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall.—Francis de Sales.

Pipe Organ For Sale

Sealed bids will be received until 7:30 p. m. Monday, September 1st, 1902, for the purchase of the pipe organ now in use in the First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif. Purchasers to remove organ from present location at their expense, and on or about November 1, 1902.

Address proposals to the Trustees First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif., endorsed, "Proposal for purchase of Pipe Organ."

A. S. CARMAN.

Chairman Com. Grounds and Building.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Boy with the Purpose High.

Little man with cheeks so brown,
Eyes a-flashing and heart that glows,
Blood that hot like a mill-race flows,
Hope you life's highest prize to find,
Peace of body and soul and mind?
Work till the sun on your task goes down!

Little man with the earnest eyes,
What if your coat be patched and bare?
Holy each stitch, 'tis a mother's prayer.
What if from boots brown toes peep out?
Wake the welkin with joyous shout;
Work till the stars begem the skies!

Little man with a purpose high,
Do with a will what you have to do;
Heroes are made from such as you;
Admirals, generals, presidents,
Are but creatures of grit and sense—
Work while the world swings through the sky!

Little man with the soul so pure,
No height's too steep for a boy to scale,
No sea's too broad for his ship to sail,
There's nothing too great for a boy to do
So he to self and his God be true—
Work while the round world doth endure!

—William Hale in Zion's Herald.

Peter.

Dorothy lived with her grandparents on a little farm among the mountains. She loved animals, and was never without a pet of some kind.

One day, as Dorothy's grandfather was taking the cow to pasture, he noticed three little creatures playing near a large rock. He thought they were young foxes, and he started to catch one, but before he could reach the place two of the little fellows had tumbled into their hole. The other was about half in when Dorothy's grandfather grabbed him.

It was not a fox, but a baby woodchuck—a queer, fuzzy little ball of fur, with beady black eyes, stumpy tail, and big, yellow teeth.

The baby woodchuck bit, and scratched, and struggled to get away. But at last he was tied in a handkerchief, and then he was carried to Dorothy.

Dorothy was delighted with this new and strange pet, and though her grandfather said woodchucks rarely became tame, she was sure this one would. She named him Peter, and then took down her old squirrel cage, and lined it with soft hay and placed him in it, with some fresh-cut clover and a little dish of water.

For a few days Peter was very wild. He insisted on spilling his water, and he would snap and bite whenever his little mistress replaced it. But by and by he saw that Dorothy did not mean to hurt him. Then he gave up biting. In two weeks he would drink from his dish without upsetting it, and would nibble clover from Dorothy's hand, and let her scratch his funny little head.

In a month Peter had grown to twice his former size and had become so tame that he would let Dorothy take him in her arms and carry him about.

One day little Dorothy forgot to fasten the cage door, and Peter walked out. But he did not go far, and went back to his cage of his own accord. The door was never fastened again, and all day long Peter would play about the veranda and nibble grass in front of the house. He always returned to his wire house for the night. By this time he had learned to answer to his name. He would run to Dorothy whenever she called him.

One day Dorothy's grandmother was baking cookies, and she gave one to Peter. It was funny to see the little woodchuck taste it, then taste again, as if he were not quite able to make up his mind whether he liked it or not. Finally he decided that he did like it, and he ate it all. From this time, cookies were his favorite food. As soon as Dorothy's grandmother began to bake he would run to the kitchen, and sit on his haunches in the doorway, and wait patiently until his cooky was given him; then he would scamper off to one of his grassy nooks and eat it at his leisure. He would hold it in his forepaws and nibble here and there in the very cunningest way until it was all gone.

Several times during the summer Peter wandered off to the woods and spent the day. At last, one cool October day, Peter went off and did not return.

Dorothy was afraid some one had killed him. All winter long she mourned for Peter.

One fine morning in April, as Dorothy was walking down the road with her grandfather they espied a big red woodchuck sitting on a stump in a field.

"Oh, grandpa!" cried Dorothy; "see that woodchuck! Doesn't he look just like my dear old Peter?"

"Perhaps it is Peter," said her grandfather. "Call him and see."

Stepping to the side of the road, Dorothy waved her hand and called, "Peter, Peter! Come here, Peter!"

And what do you think happened? Why, the big red woodchuck first looked at Dorothy for a minute with his head on one side, and then came running across the field; and it was her dear old Peter, safe and sound, coming back to her after his long winter sleep.

Dorothy took the great red fellow in her arms and hugged and kissed him. Peter semed to share her delight. He rubbed his nose against her cheek and grumbled down in his throat, as woodchucks do when they are pleased.

Of course, Dorothy carried Peter home and fed and petted him, to make up for all the time he had been away. That afternoon Dorothy's grandma got out her baking tins and rolling-pin. And the moment Peter heard the sound, he started up and ran to the kitchen door, and took his old place again to wait for his cooky. So you see, that during his long winter sleep he had not forgotten about the cookies.—Selected.

Boys Who Made Great Men.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clinched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. He did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.—The Morning Star.

The Home.

"Peace Like a River."

Give me a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar;
A life that like a river flows,
Along a peaceful shore.

I would roll onward to the deep,
In brightness, not in foam;
And 'mid earth's noise in stillness keep
My soul's interior home.

Come, Holy Spirit, hush my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart,
Oh, make the blessing mine!

Above these scenes of storm and strife,
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that purer air.

Allay this feverish, restless mood,
Arrest life's eager chase,
And quench the thirst for earthly good
With thy bedewing grace.

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace
Which flows from pardoned sin;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

—Fireside Readings.

Life Everlasting.

That solemn moment in which, for those who have gone before and for us who are to follow, the eye of sense beholds naught save the ending of the world, the entrance upon a black and silent eternity, the eye of faith declares to be the supreme moment of a new birth for the disenthralled soul, the introduction to a new era of life compared with which the present one is not worthy of the name. Who can tell but that this which we call life is really death, from which what we call death is an awakening? From this vantage ground of thought the human soul comes to look without dread upon the termination of this terrestrial existence. The failure of the bodily powers, the stoppage of the fluttering pulse, the cold stillness upon the features so lately wreathed in smiles of merriment, the corruption of the tomb, the breaking of the ties of love, the loss of all that has given value to existence, the dull blankness of irremediable sorrow, the knell of everlasting farewells—all this is seized upon by the sovereign imagination of man and transformed into a scene of transcending glory, such as in all the vast career of the universe is reserved for humanity alone.

In the highest of creatures the divine immanence has acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the dissolution of the flesh and assert an individuality untrammeled by the limitations which in the present life everywhere persistently surround it. Upon this view death is not a calamity, but a boon; not a punishment inflicted upon Man, but the supreme manifestation of his exceptional prerogative as chief among God's creatures.

Moral Suasion of a Sunday Dinner.

The tempter met John on the church steps at the close of the morning service.

"John," said the sinuous voice, "you are a stranger. Come with me to Euclid place. The nice young men all go there. You can read or play games, just whatever you like. And there you will hear some of the finest singing and playing to be found in the city."

"I—I think I will go!"

Just then a kindly hand was placed on John's shoulder.

"Come home with us to dinner," said his employer.

John hesitated. The tempter was whispering in his ear. Then his mother's face seemed to come before him, a sweet face from heaven it was, too.

"Mr. Irwin, I will go with you and I thank you for your kind invitation."

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Irwin received a letter from John's home. "I want to thank you," they read, "for your kindness to my boy. His own mother is dead, but I am trying to fill her place. John wrote me how he was on the point of going to one of your fashionable resorts and how your kind invitation saved him. He says he thinks that was the turning-point in his life. May God bless you!"

Mr. Irwin read and reread the letter, then very tenderly folded it and put it away with a "keep-sake" letter he once received from his own mother.

"Frank," said Mrs. Irwin, "we did not know that our invitation to dinner that Sunday meant all that to John."

"No," replied Mr. Irwin, "but I think God knew!"—The Interior.

The Knotless Thread.

Henry Drummond says: "My life is still the same knotless thread that it used to be. I have been trying to do a little here and there, but personally I see no further than before." There are times when we doubtless feel the same sad sense of failure. We know that we must be diligently sewing at the long seam, but all the stitches seem in vain. We have not knotted the thread.

Somewhere in our lives there must be a great purpose to knot the thread. We must take fast hold upon something. There must be deep, abiding convictions, and a sense of purpose in our lives. And Drummond reached his supreme conviction; he knotted the thread, for he writes a little later: "My freshest truth is still the will of God." This is simply to say that there is a purpose behind the world, and that our lives are comprehended within the sweep of that purpose. To find our place cheerfully and resolutely in the activities which make for the realization of that purpose is to knot the thread of personal life and to gain a sweet sense of achievement and growing strength. "Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

Falling is easier than climbing. In consequence, it takes less time and effort to get from the top to the bottom of a precipice, if a man will simply let go his hold and fall, than it does to get to the top by persevering, in holding on and struggling upward. This represents the two ways in the universe. A writer, in an attractive work of fiction, describing the struggling of a man who resolved to do a noble deed when he was tempted to do a less noble one that would be easier, asks the pregnant question, "Why is it that the right things are so frequently unpleasant?" "Why is it?" Just because it is. The universe was made that way, and so are we. We can fall without an effort, but it costs an effort to climb. The wrong way is broad and easy, and is thronged; the right way is straight and narrow, and is less tempting. But when we think of the future and the end, who of us will hesitate to meet the cost, and finally to rejoice in the results of victory?—Sunday-school Times.

Love is unequally yoked with sickness. Labor is lightened by love, but love cannot lighten pain or relieve it. Many a man looks on at his wife's suffering willing to do anything to aid her and able to do nothing.

Sometimes, however, the husband's attention is directed to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and its remarkable cures of womanly diseases. He may not have much hope of a cure, but he is led to try the medicine, with the result that in almost every case there is a perfect and permanent cure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity. It dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

As a tonic for women who are nervous, sleepless, worn-out and run-down "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled.

"In answer to your letter I will say, my wife commenced to complain twenty years ago," writes Lewis A. Miller, ex-Chief-of-Police, of 33 Prospect St., Weissport, Pa. "We have tried the skill of twelve different doctors. She took gallons of medicine during the time she was ill, until I wrote to you and you told us what to do. She has taken eight bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and six of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She can do her own work now and can walk around again and is quite smart."

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly diseases. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

Men indulge evil courses in what seem commonplace days, proposing to act very differently in the real crisis of their lives. On some commonplace morning it dawns upon them that they decided their careers before they knew they were at it.

Cigarette-smoking boys are like wormy apples—they drop long before harvest time.—David Starr Jordan.

THE HUMAN STOMACH is subject to many distressing affections, like cramps, cholera morbus and dysentery, which, if neglected, are dangerous. The best and quickest remedy is Perry Davis' Painkiller. Look out for substitutes. 25c. and 50c.

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THE FAMILY BIBLE.

In the old days the family Bible was as indispensable in a well-ordered household as the dinner-table or the kitchen stove. It was the daily companion in family worship, and words read from its large pages seemed to come with a certain august official character that attached to no other copy of the Scriptures. As the father opened the big volume and searched for the passage for the day, as he closed it silently before kneeling in prayer, the children gazed upon the prayerHoly Book as a sacred oracle. It was their Sunday afternoon treat to be allowed to look at the quaint engravings in the big Bible, to pore over the views of Moses in his floating cradle, and Joshua bidding the sun stand still, and Solomon in his temple, and Jesus blessing the children. The romantic stories of the apocryphal books, not found in other editions of the Bible, opened a new and strange world of Oriental fancy and Jewish history. The metrical versions of the Psalms, with the curious turns of speech, were an interesting study. Over at the back of the book was the family record, extending back sometimes for two or three generations, where the light-hearted boy or girl might read the annals of birth and marriage and death in the fading ink and the prim script of other days; lines traced in gladness, in hope, in sorrow, in despair, by hands long since withered to dust. This ponderous book descended from father to son, and was treasured as a precious legacy, an heirloom bearing with it the echo of the God-fearing generations gone before. There are few families deeply rooted in the past that have not stored away in some closet a clumsy quarto with these pathetic memorials of old bridals and burials, of blessings and benediction..

Today in this country 200,000 saloons receive more than $900,000,000 annually for strong drink, which sends 100,000 men and women to prison, 200,000 children to the poor-house, makes 200,000 orphans to be cared for by charity, commits 300 murders and 400 suicides, and sends 75,000 to 100,000 souls to dishonored and untimely graves, and puts a mortgage upon the host of boys every year to keep up the supply of horrors. All this misery and crime is sanctioned by the earnest efforts of the people of this Grand Republic.—Selected.

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THE BURDENS WE CARRY.

A little girl saw a picture of the fabled Atlas, bearing the world on his shoulders. She noted the strong man struggling under his heavy burden, his head bowed forward, his shoulders strained, his every muscle tense, his face and form showing signs of painful effort and endurance—and her tenpity. "Papa," she asked in anxious der heart went out towards him earnest, "why doesn't that man lay that thing down?" And her father's answer was: "Because he supposes that he ought to carry the world on his shoulders." And this is a mistake that a great many of us are making.

How many of the burdens that oppress us are burdens that we shall have no call to carry! We worry over matters that are outside of our sphere; and we are ready to sink beneath the weight of cares and anxieties that would be better be left to Him who alone can carry them. Whatever we have to carry, the Lord will give us strength to upbear; but there is many a burden which we would do better to cast upon the Lord, because it is his burden for us, and not ours for him.—Ram's Horn.

God in the home is the message of that faded volume. Some little child, seeking the way to God, has shyly searched these time-stained pages for a promise of the Savior. Some weary mother has found here a solace for disappointed hope and unavailing suffering. Some aged man, his failing sight no longer fit for the type of the old pocket Testament, has here found words of grace written large and clear. Here he has pondered over the mysteries of Providence, the goodness of the Shepherd, the heavenly mansions fairer than any dream, the "rest for the weary" that is drawing near. The old book is a mirror for the generations, a panorama of quaint old parlors and haircloth furniture, of the daguerreotype era of the Civil War, of wax flowers under glass and worsted mottoes, of stern sinewy pioneers and white-capped grandmothers and chubby children.—The Standard.

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